

If I Had to Choose

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Summary: At the end of the day, if forced, Hiccup would choose his dad every time. Spoilers for HTTYD 2. Mentioned Hiccstrid.

If I Had to Choose

Just a tiny little drabble I needed to get off my chest. I don't know if it's my best, but I think it sums up what Hiccup may feel in the future. Set about 2-3 years after the second movie. There is Hiccstrid in this, but it's not really overt. WARNING! SPOILERS for HTTYD 2. Just saying.

Disclaimer: I own nothing except the plot. And the baby.

Enjoy!

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><p>If I Had to Choose

****One-shot****

It was times like these, as he held his newborn son in his arms, that Hiccup found himself wondering how his mother ever could have left him as long as she had.

The thought wasn't one he particularly liked to broadcast and, as far as he knew, Astrid was the only other person who had the slightest inkling about it. The notion hadn't even been a very prevalent one in his mind until his wife told him she was pregnant and, even then, the resentment hadn't been acknowledged until the moment his son was placed in his arms.

His son.

His sweet, perfect little boy. His wonderful baby with Astrid's eyes

and his hair; with her nose and his freckles. It had only taken Valka one quick look before she was proclaiming how alike Hiccup he appeared. Somehow, that hurt. She remembered him as a baby. How many times had she thought about him over the years? Did she ever picture him growing or did he always remain an infant in her mind? Had she considered coming back, even once?

And it hurt. Because she wasn't there for him when he was scolded and scorned. She wasn't there when he discovered Toothless or lost his leg. And she most certainly wasn't there to see how people could change if one only tried hard enough. His mother had only seen the end result, the accumulation of the many trials and tribulations of his life. And yes, he did resent her for it.

Because she could have come back.

She had a family. She had a husband and a new son. Sure, she couldn't have prevented Cloudjumper from taking her in the first place, but there was nothing stopping her from returning. Her doubts, her ideals, those were the only things in her way. And to Hiccup, that wasn't a good enough reason. Vikings were stubborn, yes, but they weren't so blind as to turn her away if she showed up controlling dragons. Would it have been messy? Probably. But it could have been done, and she hadn't even tried.

She left him. She chose her doubts over her child. Gazing at his own little boy, Hiccup couldn't fathom how she could have done it. Even if the gods themselves decreed Hiccup be sent far away, nothing would ever stop him from getting home to his family — to Astrid, to Toothless, and especially to his son.

His father, he was sure, would have done the same.

Stoick the Vast was not perfect. He never had been, and Hiccup had never expected him to be. There had been times where he doubted and resented the man, but at least he had been there. Stoick hadn't just been his father — hadn't been just a man he shared a house with — he had been his dad. He raised him, protected him, built him up into the man and chief he was today. Stoick was there through every milestone, but Valka, of her own choice, was not. She was his mother in name only.

As far as Hiccup was concerned though, he didn't have a mom. At least, not a proper one. His dad could barely fulfill his own role and thinking of Gobber as his mother figure was downright disturbing. His Aunt Freda might have fit, but only in the context of being the closest female adult relation he had.

And sometimes, though he didn't like to admit it, late at night, with his wife beside him and his son asleep between them, when Hiccup was alone with only his thoughts, a deep dark part of him wished that if it couldn't have been him then it was his mother who had taken Toothless' blast instead of his dad. For while he loved his mother and appreciated her presence, she was 20 years too late.

She was 20 years too late for birthdays, Snoggletog gifts, and bedtime stories. Too late for scoldings and punishments, for playtime, and boo boos. He had grown up, quite well if he did say so himself, and it had all been without her.

Though it pained him, his mother had made her choice. Her doubts over her family. Hiccup would never forget that. And though he would never acknowledge it out loud, if forced to choose between his mother and his father, Hiccup would choose the parent who stayed.

At the end of the day, Hiccup would choose his dad every time.

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><p>Not sure how I feel about it, but meh. It's late and I'm tired. I might expand on it, but for now it's going to stay a drabble. Please review, but while I appreciate constructive criticism, any flames are not helpful and not what writing is for.<p>

Just to clarify though if it wasn't clear in the drabble, a father and mother are the people who gave you life biologically, while a mom and dad are the people who raised you and loved you. At least, that's my opinion and should yours differ I will respect that.

Have a wonderful night/day!

~Alabaster Ink

End
file.